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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS

FIFTY-SEVEN



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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

FIFTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:

GARTH ENNIS

Colors by:

TONY AVIÑA

Pencils by:

RUSS BRAUN

Cover by:

DARICK ROBERTSON

Letters by:

SIMON BOWLAND

The Boys Created By:

ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT

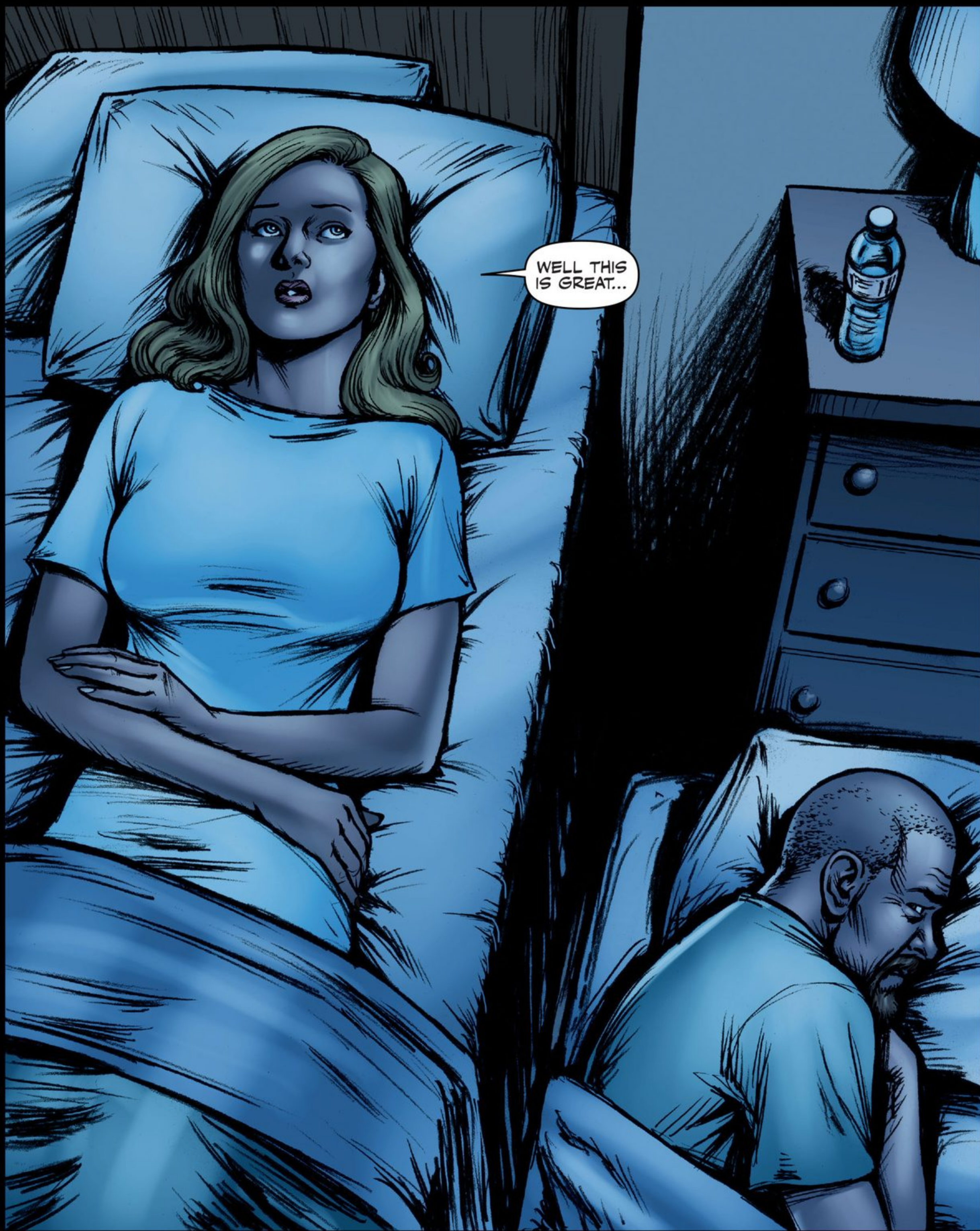


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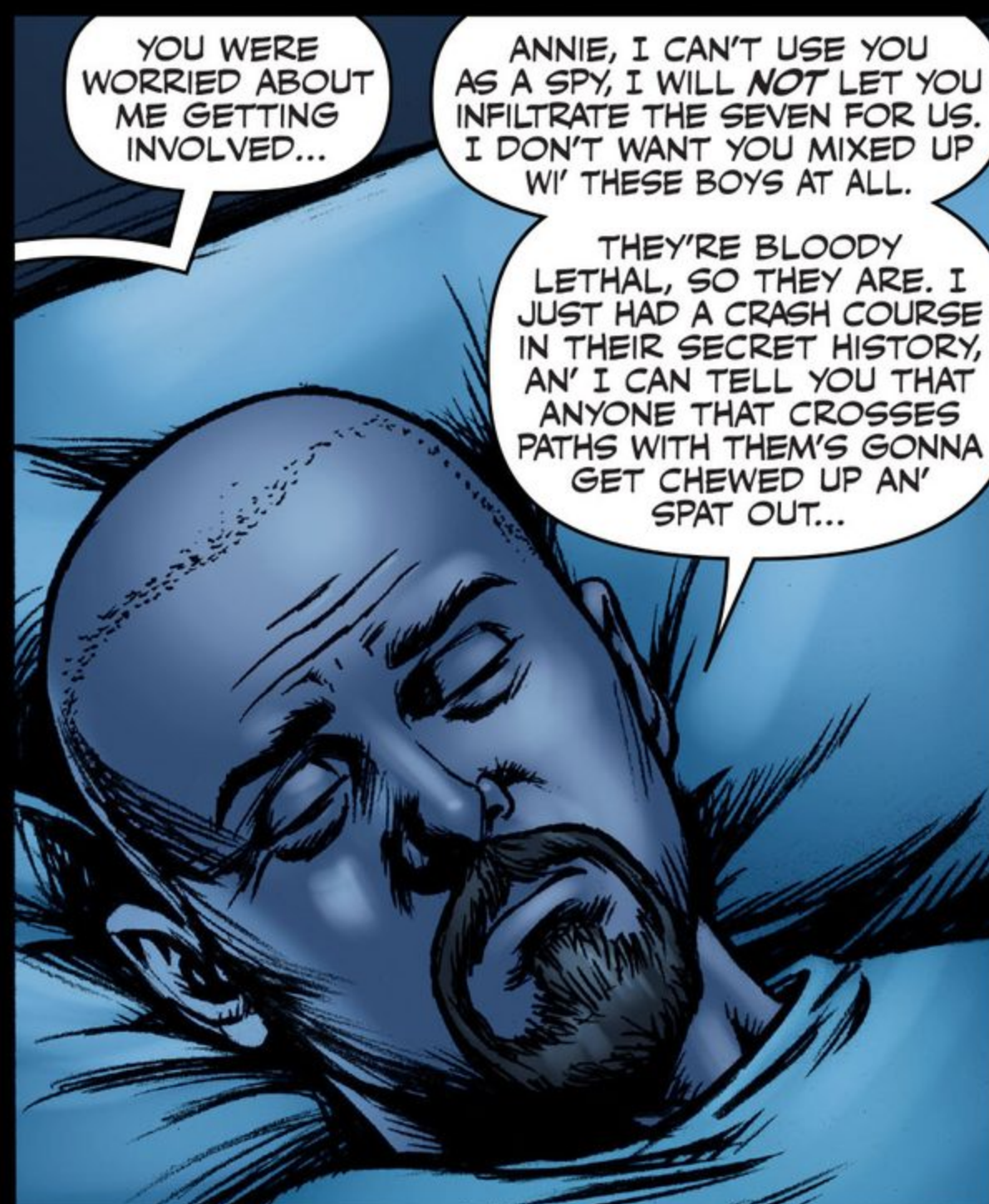
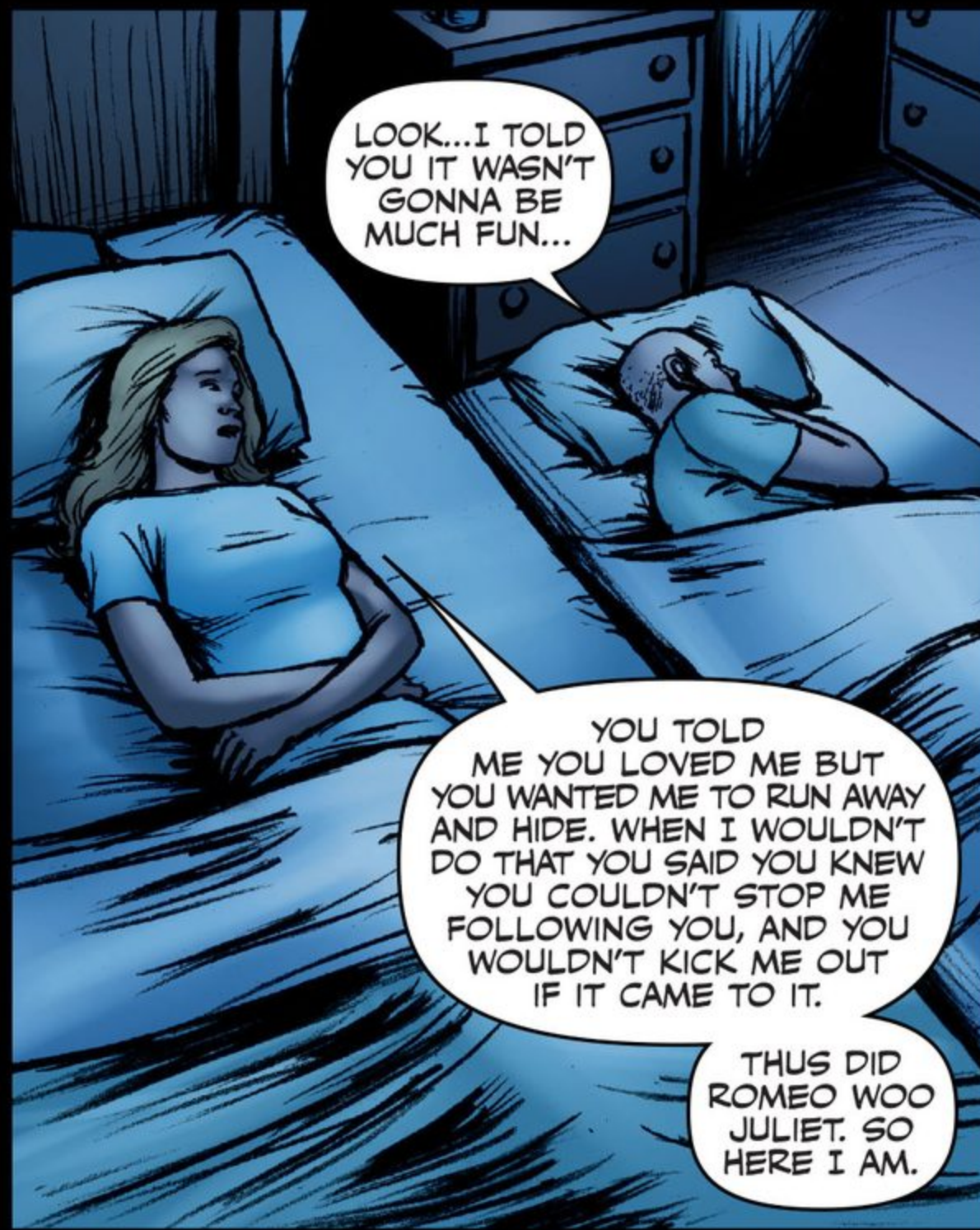
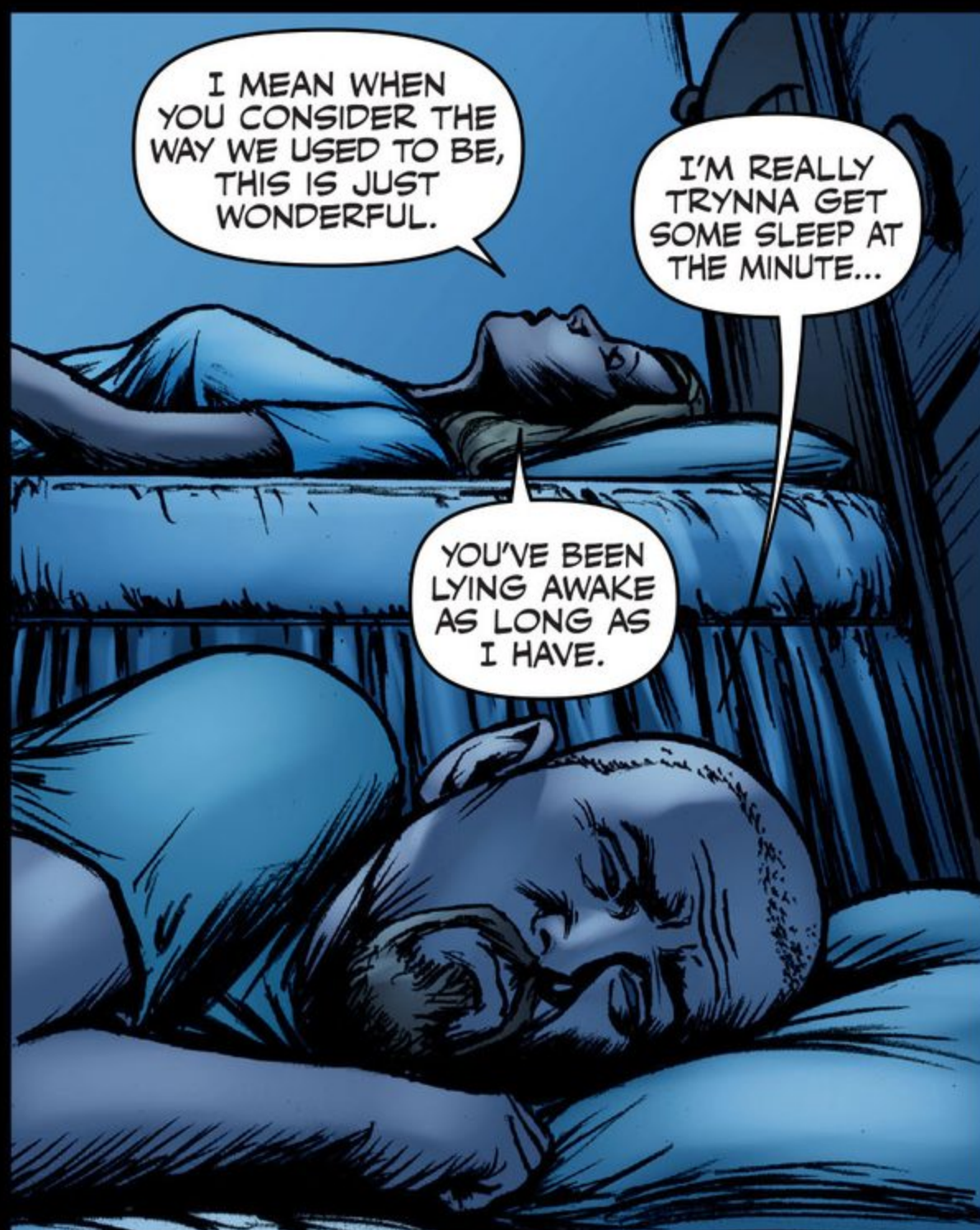
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THE BIG RIDE

part two



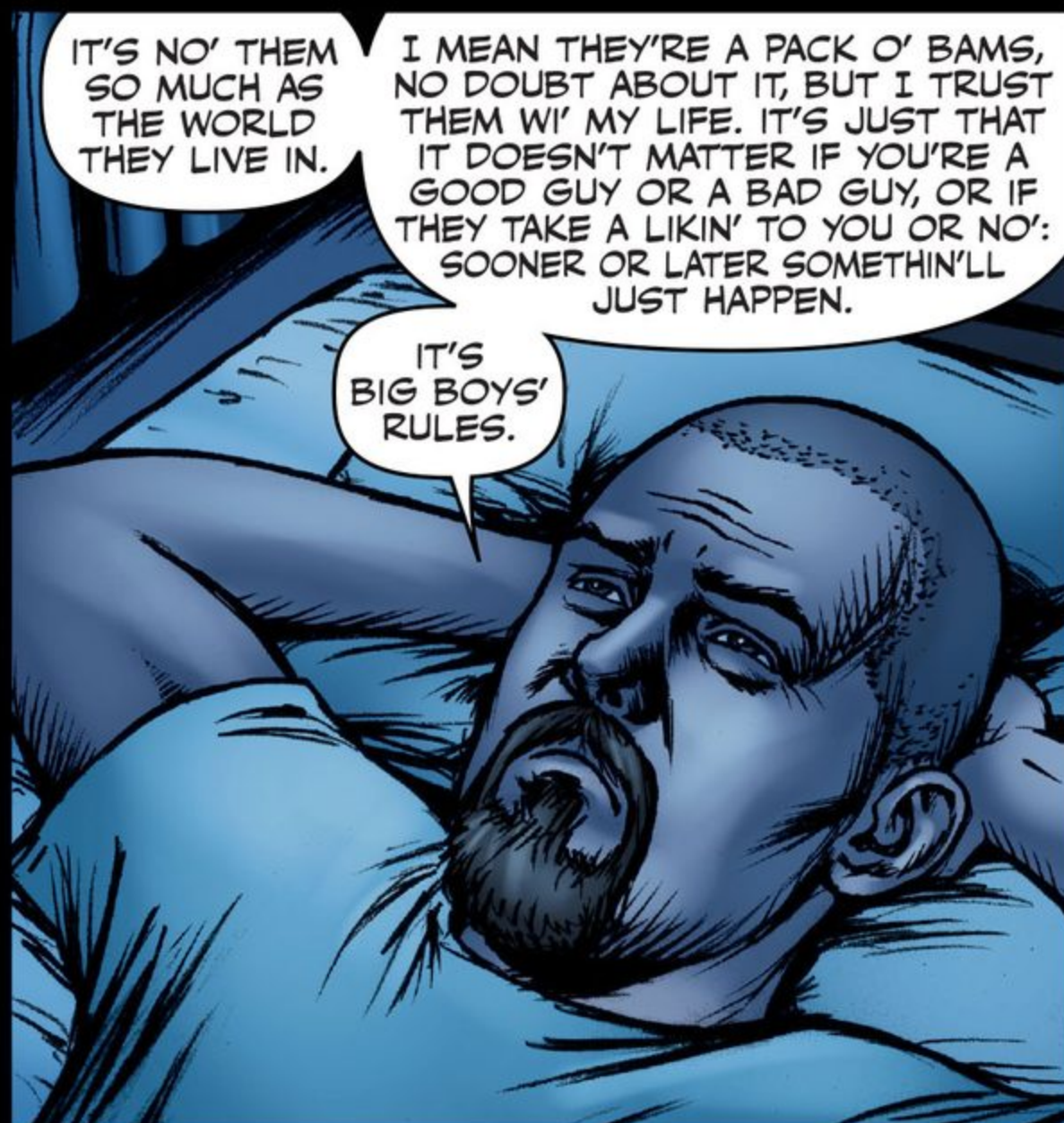


THEN WHY ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK?

I'M ONE O' THEM.

REALLY...?

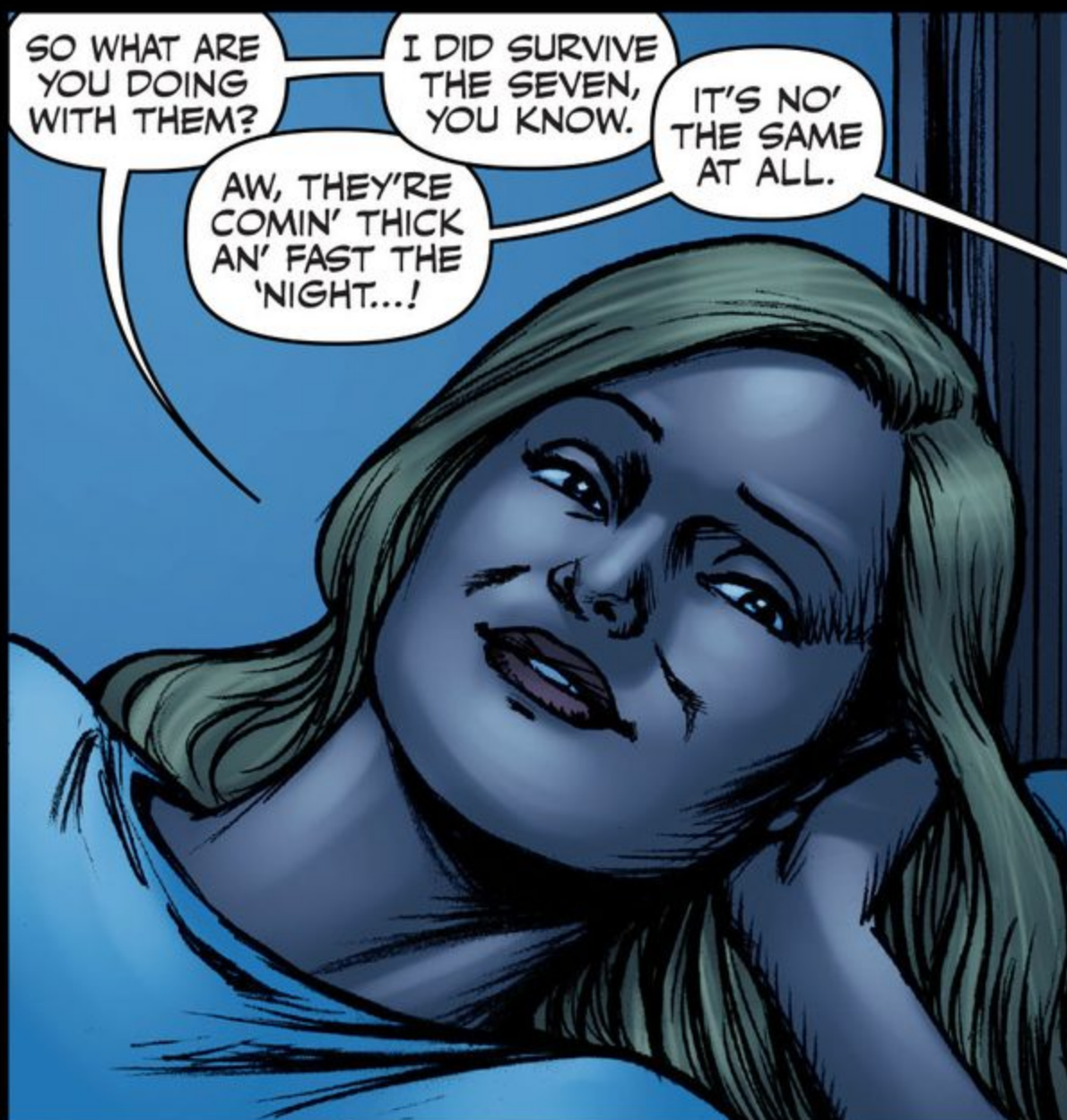
CLOSE ENOUGH.



IT'S NO' THEM SO MUCH AS THE WORLD THEY LIVE IN.

I MEAN THEY'RE A PACK O' BAMS, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BUT I TRUST THEM WI' MY LIFE. IT'S JUST THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE A GOOD GUY OR A BAD GUY, OR IF THEY TAKE A LIKIN' TO YOU OR NO': SOONER OR LATER SOMETHIN'LL JUST HAPPEN.

IT'S BIG BOYS' RULES.

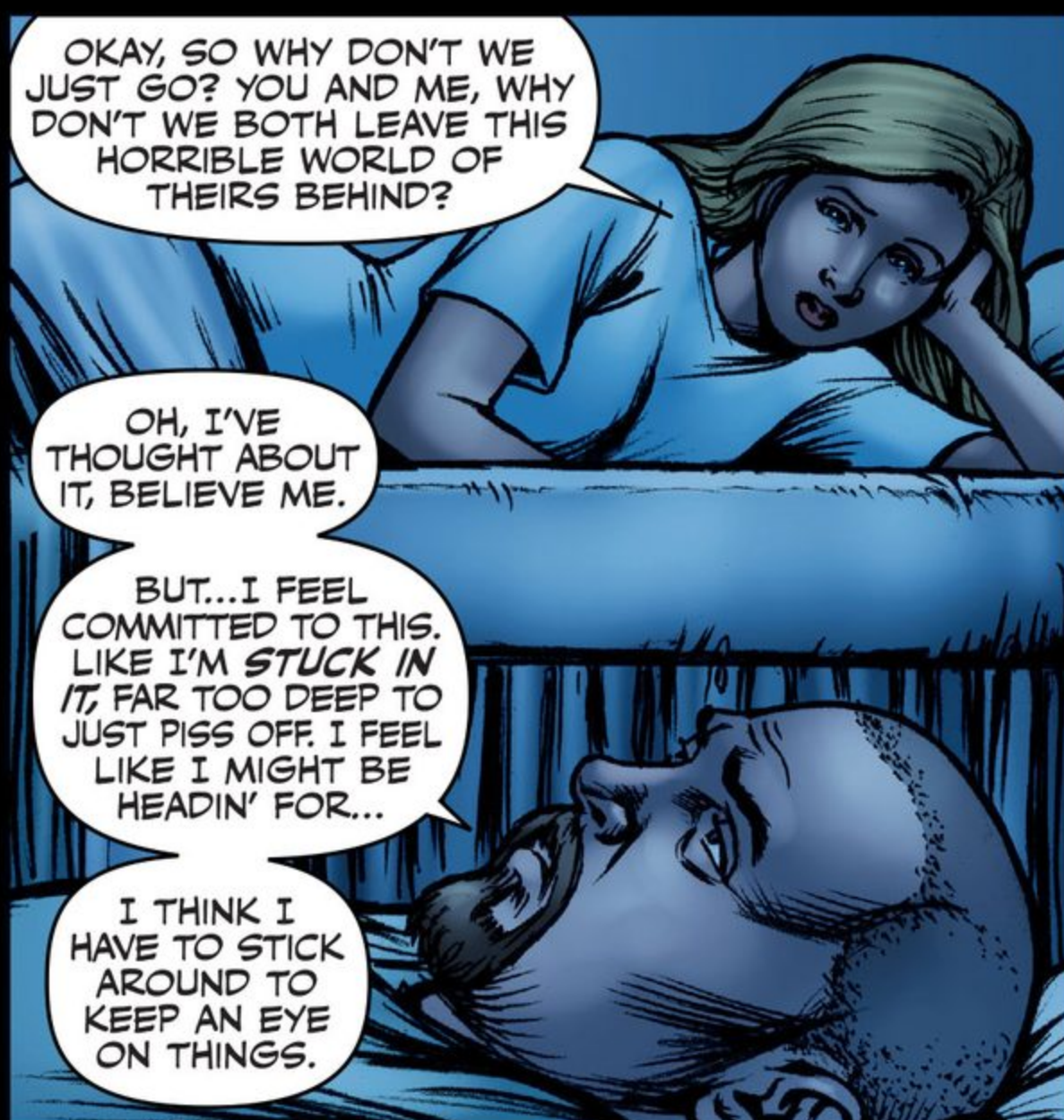


SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THEM?

I DID SURVIVE THE SEVEN, YOU KNOW.

IT'S NO' THE SAME AT ALL.

AW, THEY'RE COMIN' THICK AN' FAST THE 'NIGHT...!



OKAY, SO WHY DON'T WE JUST GO? YOU AND ME, WHY DON'T WE BOTH LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE WORLD OF THEIRS BEHIND?

OH, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, BELIEVE ME.

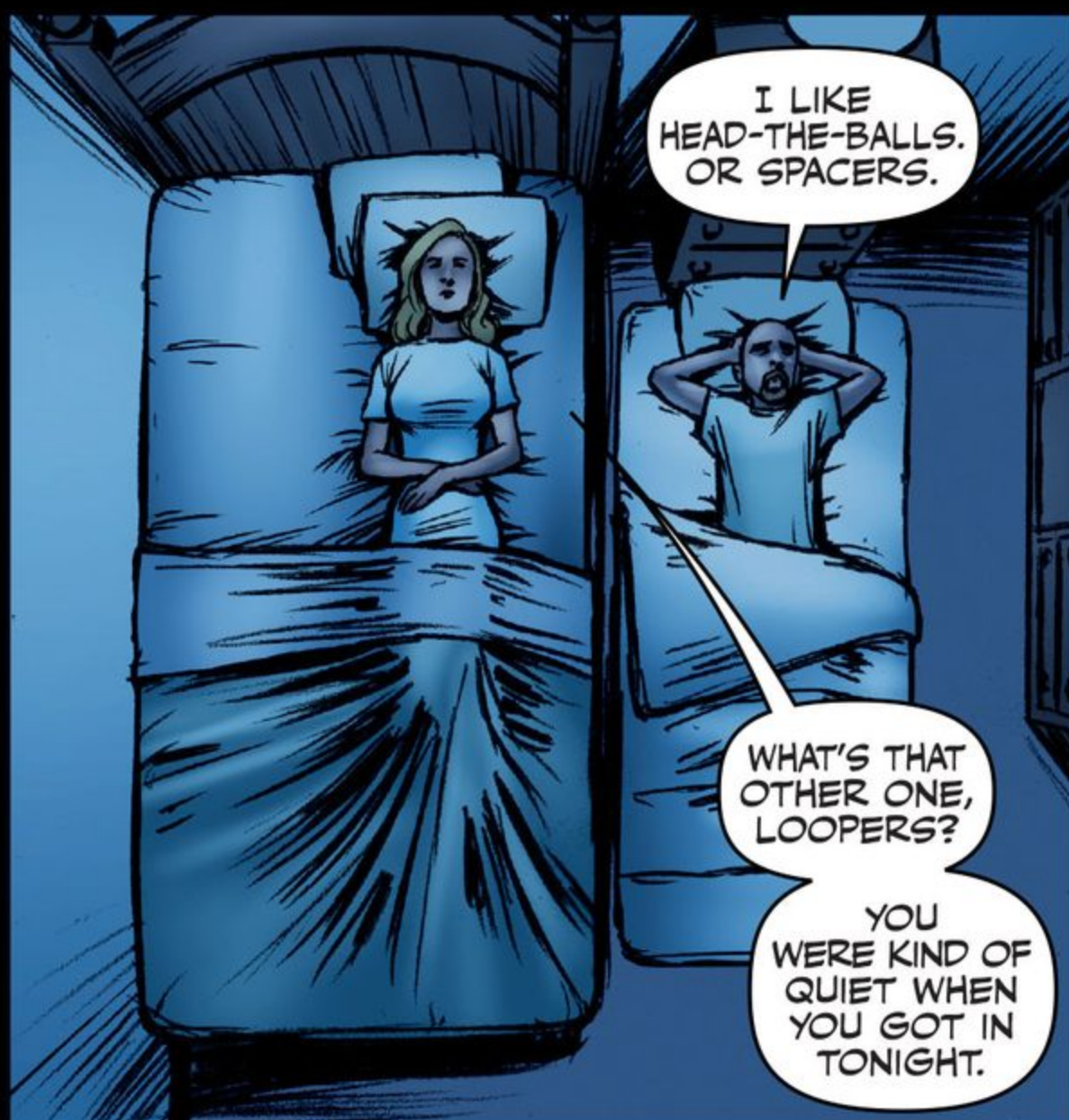
BUT...I FEEL COMMITTED TO THIS. LIKE I'M *STUCK IN IT*, FAR TOO DEEP TO JUST PISS OFF. I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT BE HEADIN' FOR...

I THINK I HAVE TO STICK AROUND TO KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS.



AN' I KNOW I SAID THEY WERE BAMPOTS, BUT THEY'RE MY PALS...

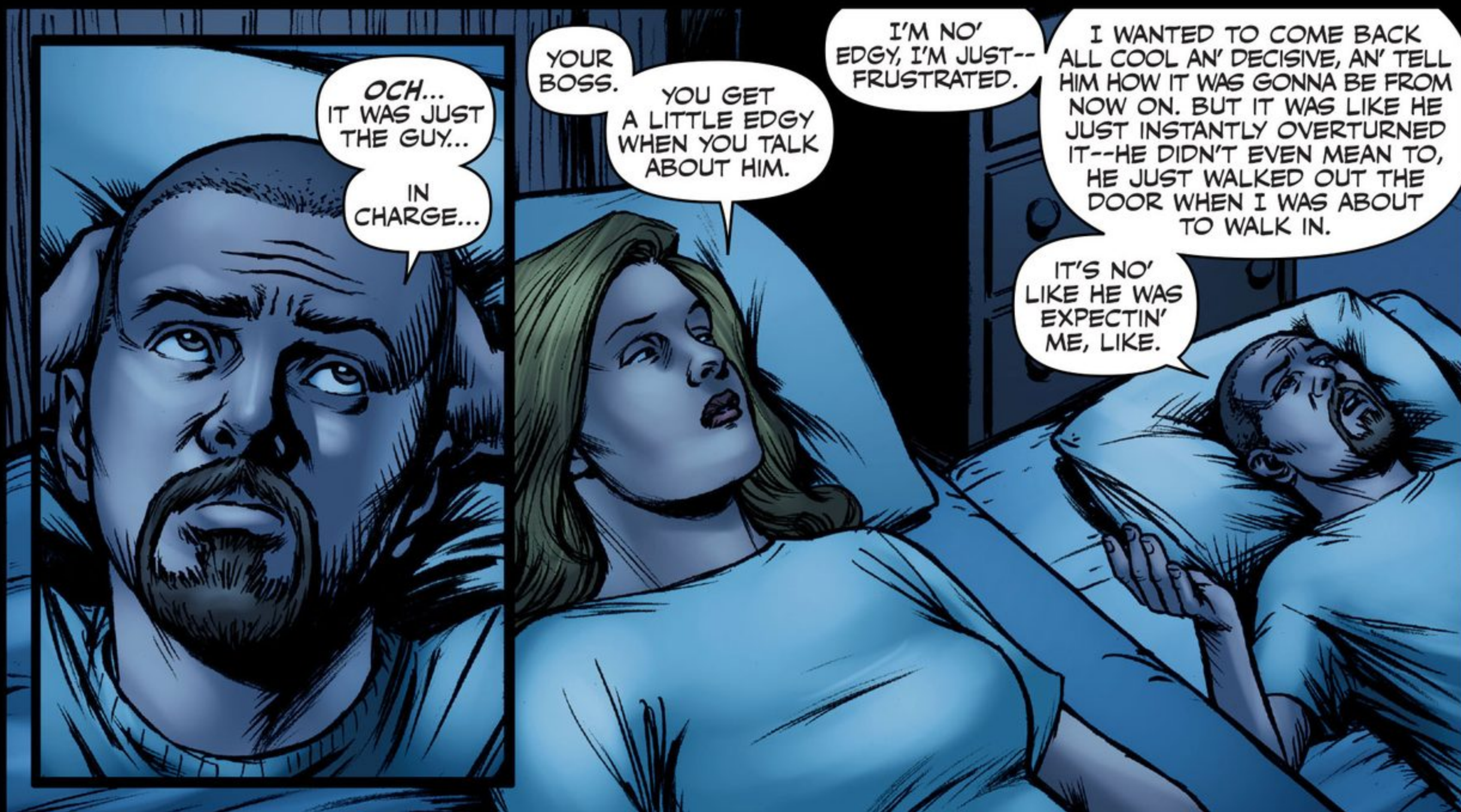
WHICH IS JUST THE BEST WORD FOR CRAZY PEOPLE *EVER*.



I LIKE HEAD-THE-BALLS. OR SPACERS.

WHAT'S THAT OTHER ONE, LOOPERS?

YOU WERE KIND OF QUIET WHEN YOU GOT IN TONIGHT.



OCH...
IT WAS JUST
THE GUY...
IN
CHARGE...

YOUR
BOSS.

YOU GET
A LITTLE EDGY
WHEN YOU TALK
ABOUT HIM.

I'M NO'
EDGY, I'M JUST--
FRUSTRATED.

I WANTED TO COME BACK
ALL COOL AN' DECISIVE, AN' TELL
HIM HOW IT WAS GONNA BE FROM
NOW ON. BUT IT WAS LIKE HE
JUST INSTANTLY OVERTURNED
IT--HE DIDN'T EVEN MEAN TO,
HE JUST WALKED OUT THE
DOOR WHEN I WAS ABOUT
TO WALK IN.

IT'S NO'
LIKE HE WAS
EXPECTIN'
ME, LIKE.



UNLESS HE
SAW ME THROUGH
THE DOOR WHEN I
WAS COMIN'
ACROSS FIFTH...



I DUNNO.
BUT IF THERE'S
ANYONE ACTUALLY
LIKES THE WORLD
THE WAY I WAS
TALKIN' ABOUT,
IT'S HIM.

IT'S STARTIN'
TO LOOK LIKE HE
DOES EVERYTHING
HE CAN TO KEEP
IT THAT WAY.

HUH.



THIS IS
THE SAME GUY
THAT GAVE US
OUR LINE--

ABOUT TWO
PEOPLE FINDING
EACH OTHER?



WARF!
WARF! WARF!
WARF!

MUBBLE?



WARF!
WARF! WARF!
WARF!

YEAH, ALL
RIGHT, MATE,
ALL RIGHT...
FUCKIN'
HELL...



OH.
BOLLOCKS.



ALL
RIGHT?

TEN-HUT,
TROOPER!

FUCK
RIGHT OFF.



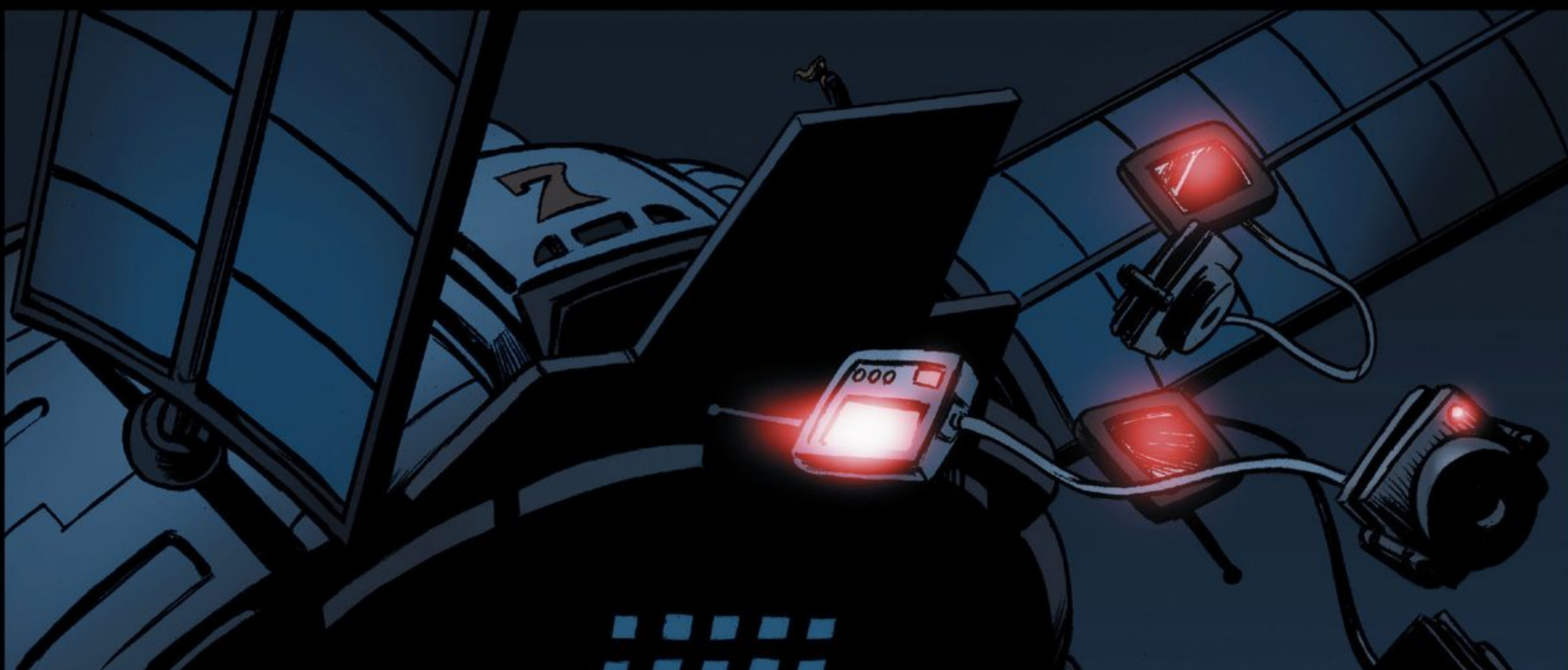
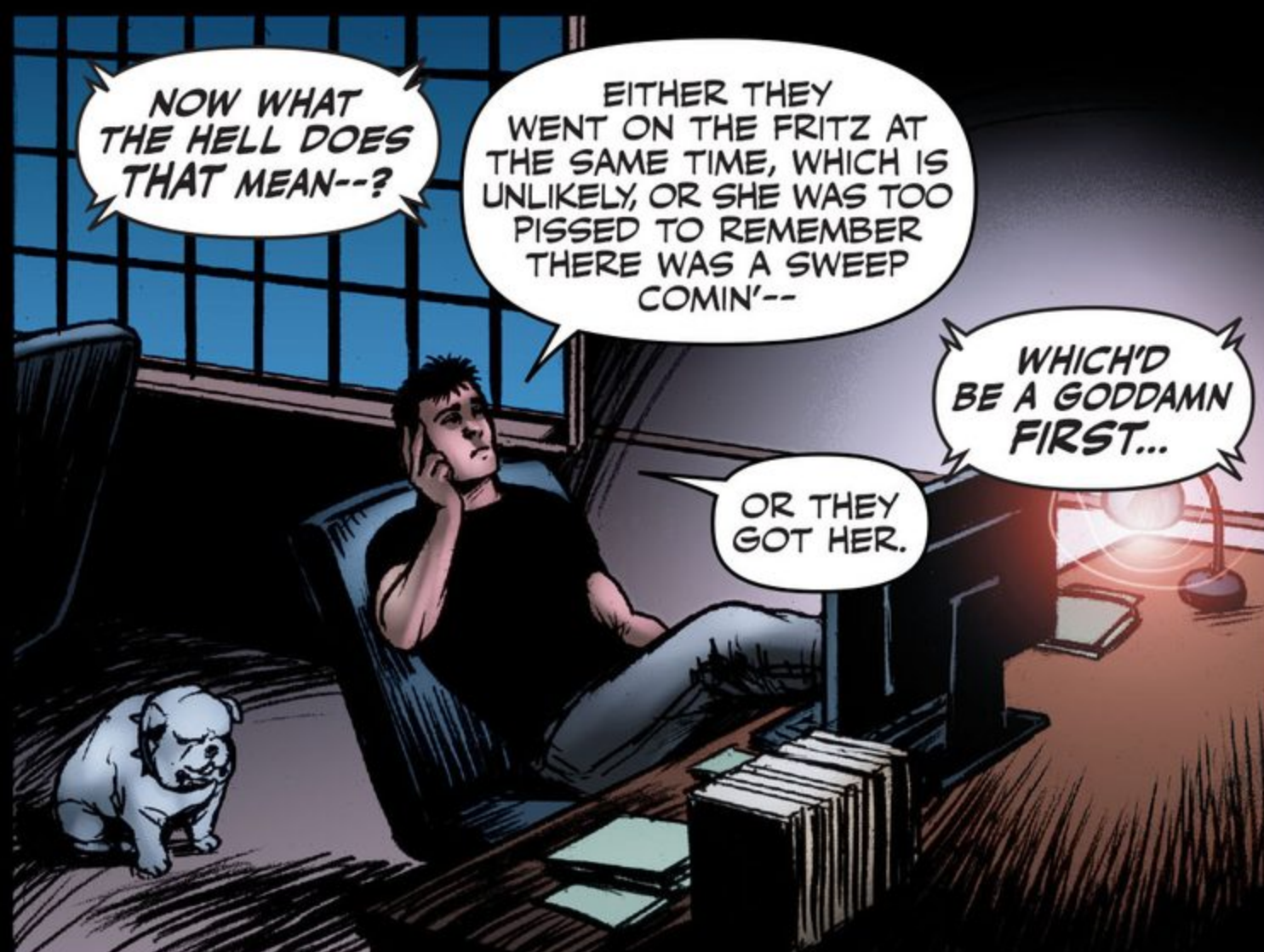
SAY, THEY'RE GIVIN' ME A
CAMEO IN THE WEBWEAVER
PREQUEL...I GET TO SAVE
SOME COOZE...

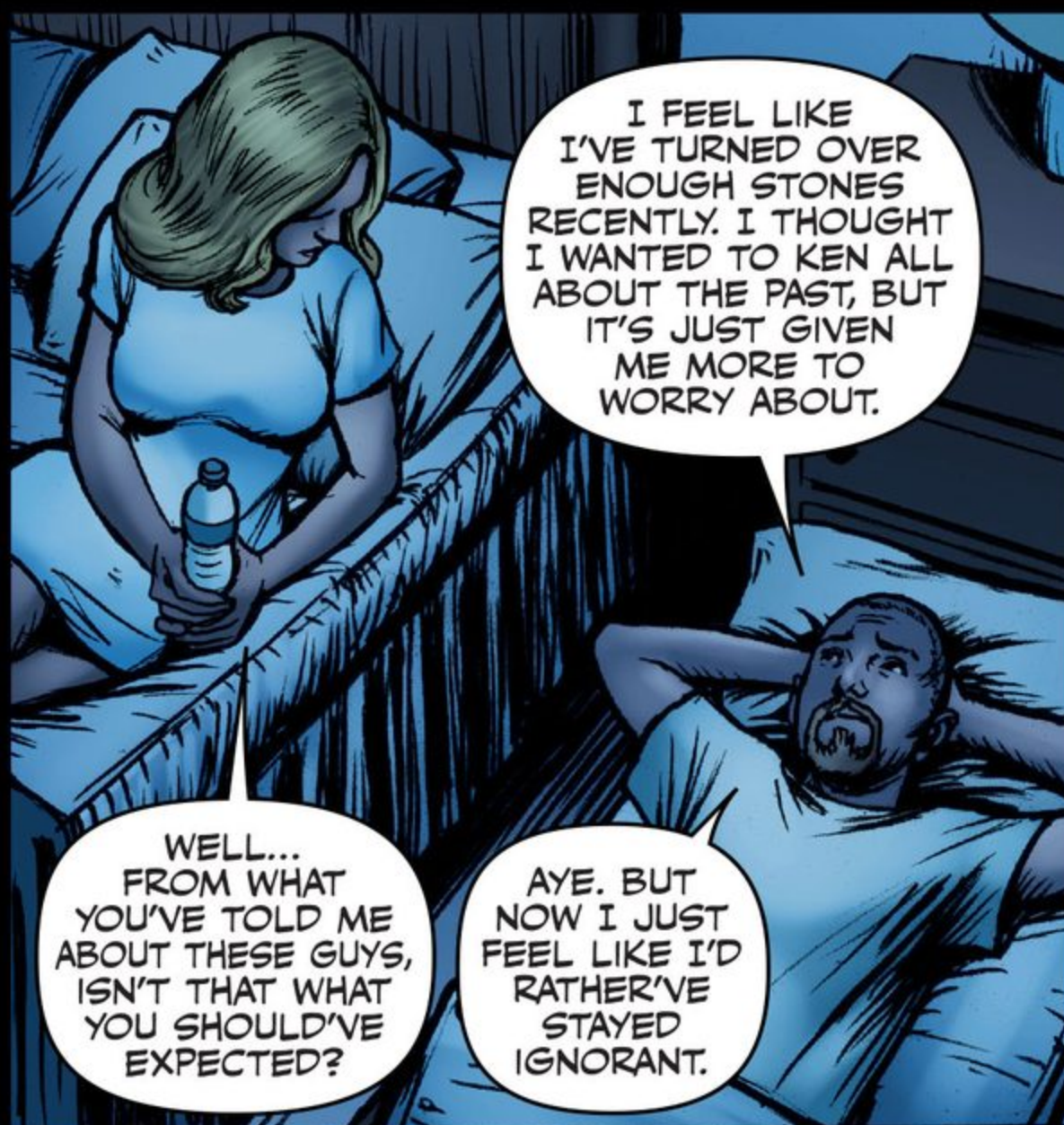
HOW D'YOU
DO THAT, D'YOU HAVE
TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT
OR SOMETHIN'? LISTEN,
HAVE YOU HEARD
FROM MAEVE?

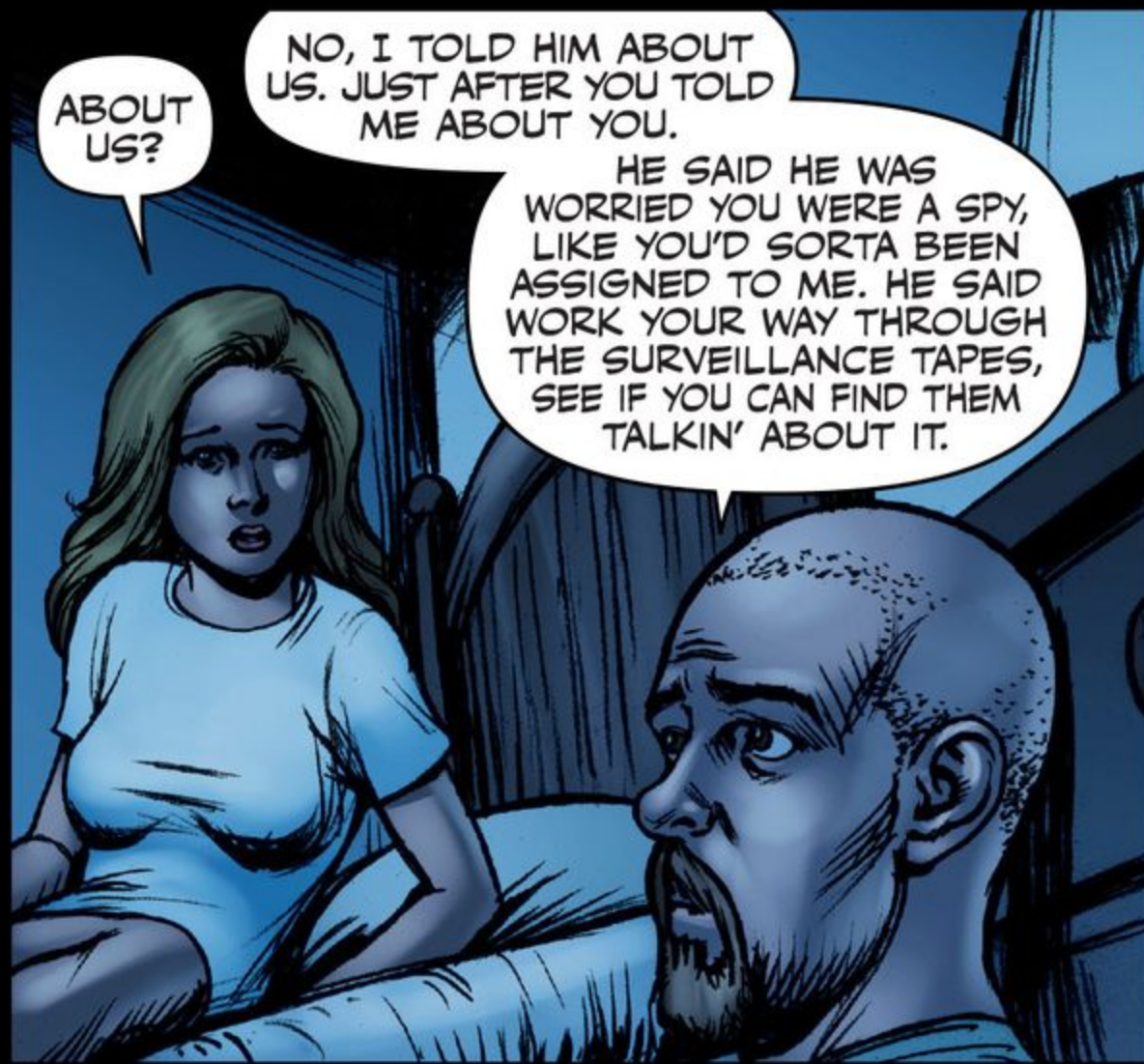


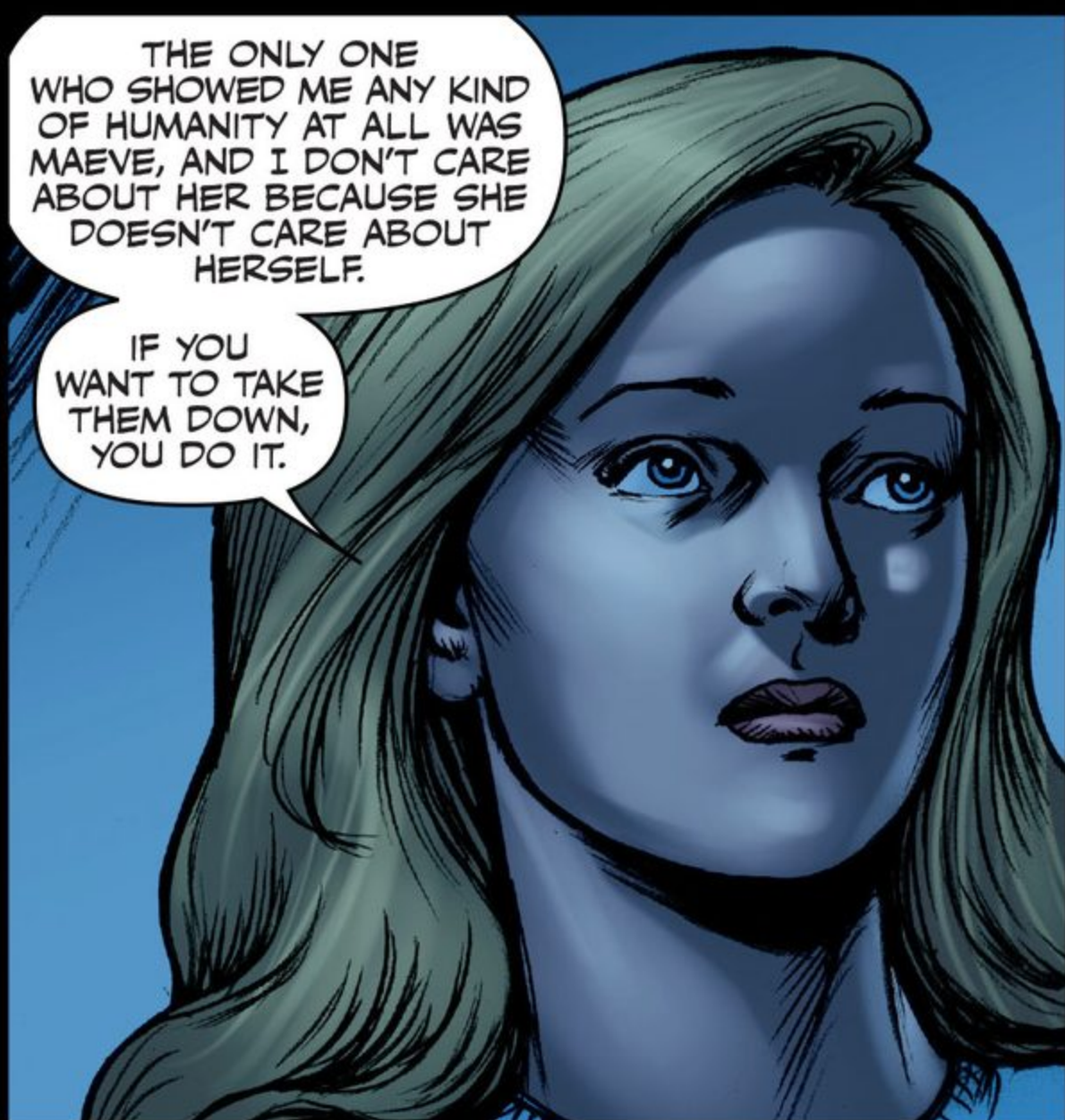
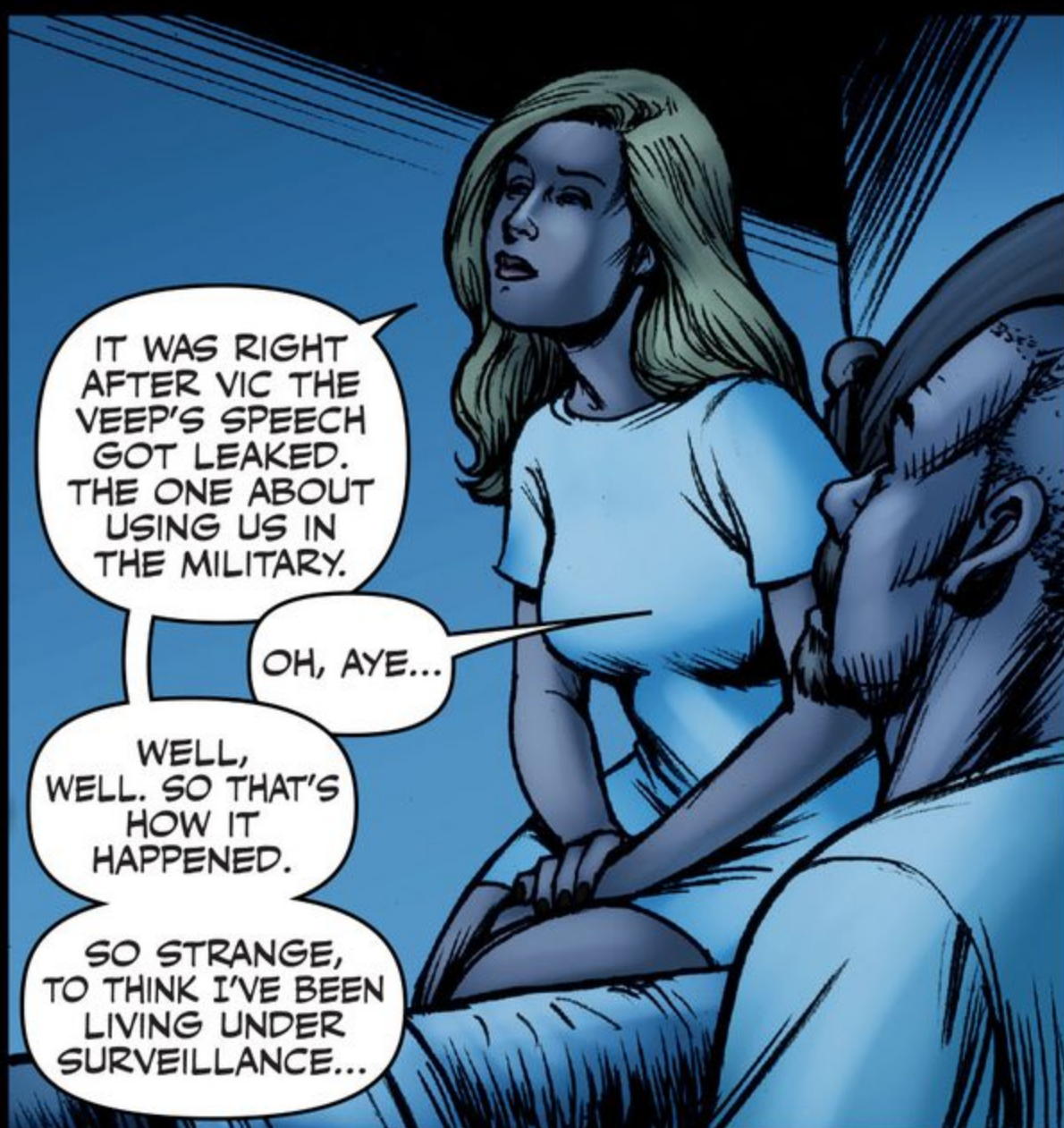
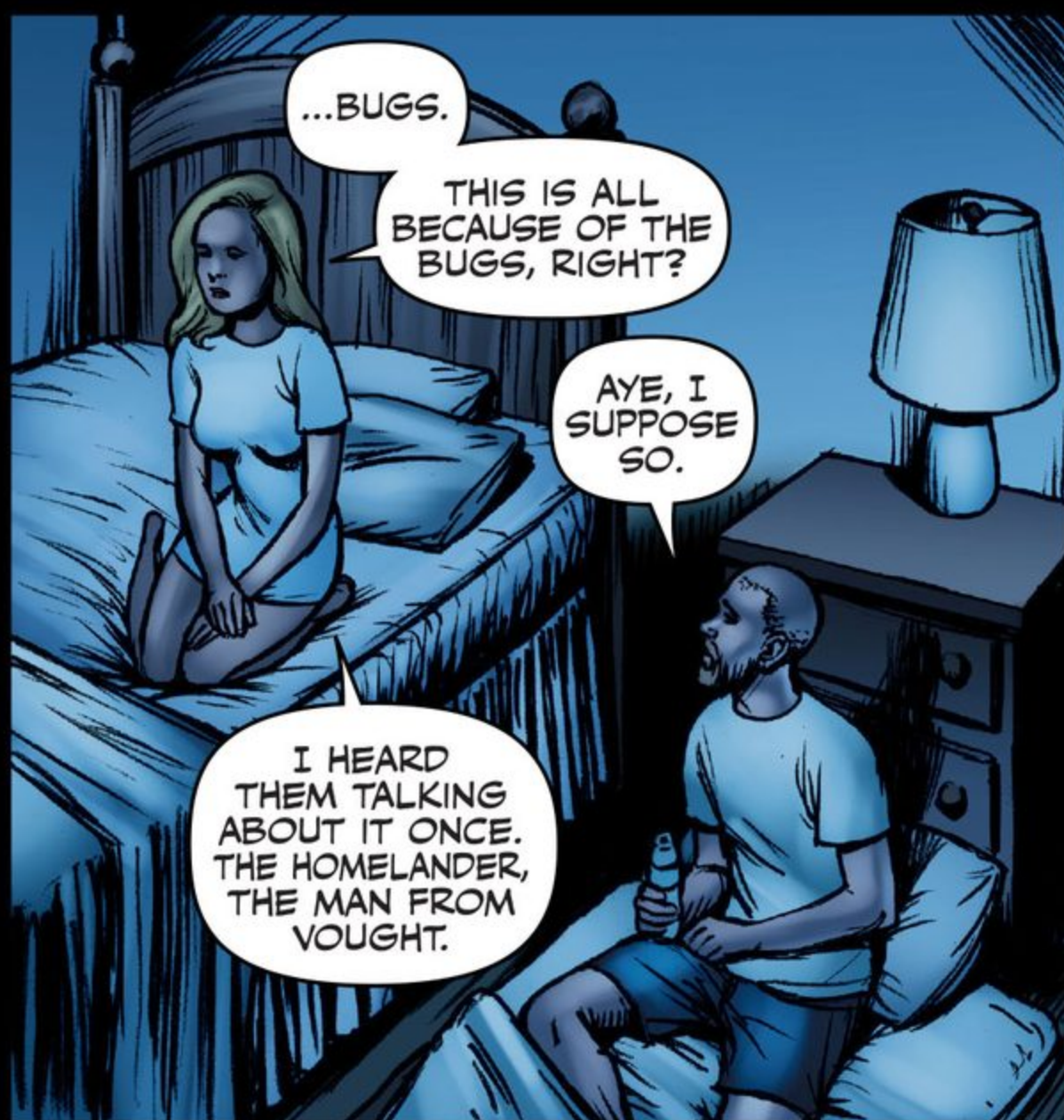
NO...

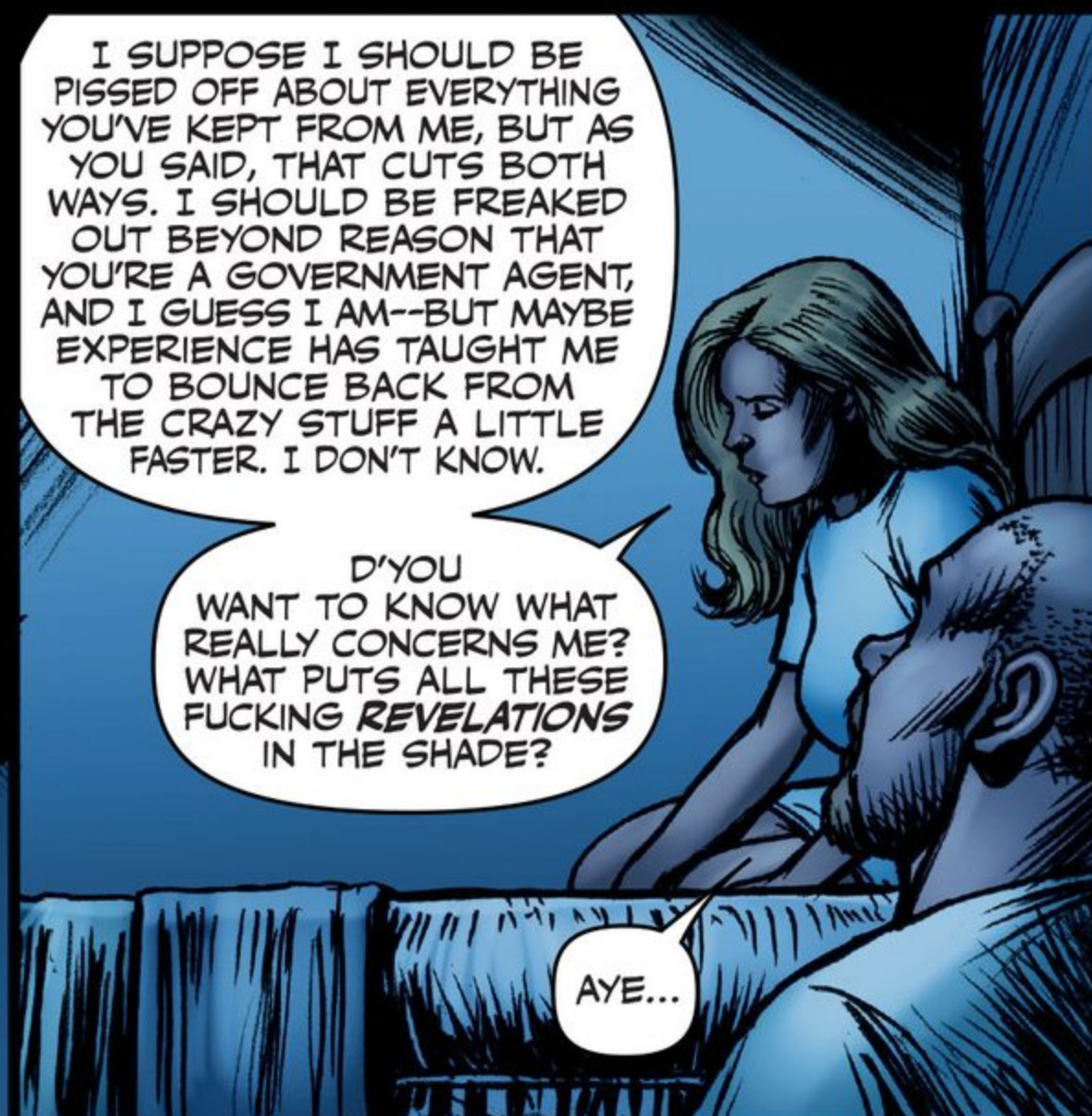
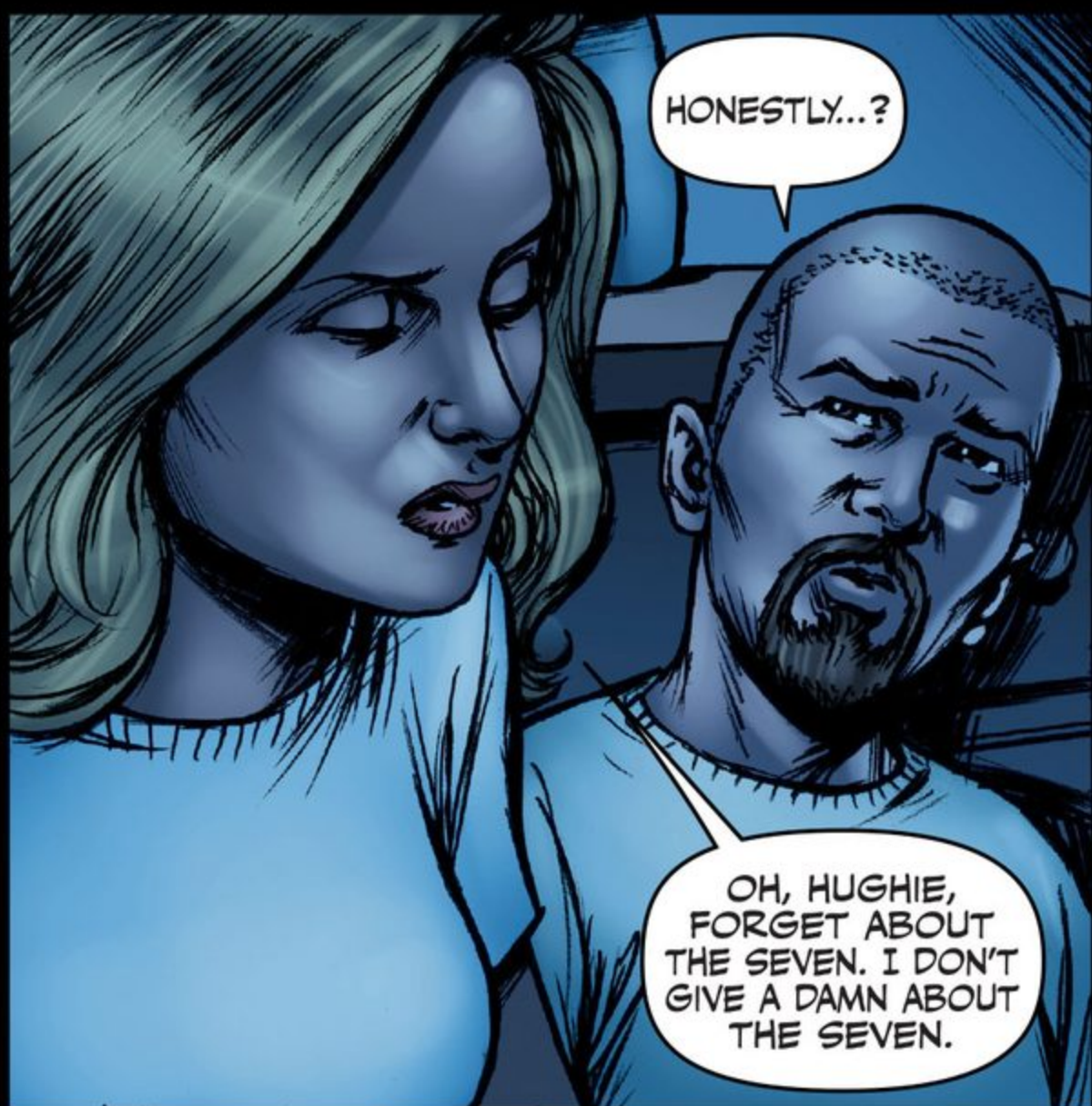
BUGS'VE ALL
JUST QUIT ON US.
NOT SHUT DOWN, LIKE
WHEN SHE KILLS THE
SIGNAL BEFORE A
SWEEP--GONE.













PETIT HUGHIE! BACK FROM ELBA!

EH?



MON EMPEROR!

HNNGHH--!

EN AVANT. MON BRAVE!



C'EST "BASTARDS OF THE DEEP" ON THE IMAGINARY CHANNEL!

THAT'S-- AYE--NICE ONE, FRENCHIE--

NOW: OU EST MON PRESENT?



PRESENT...?

AH, OUI. YOU HAVE TRAVELED FAR, NON? NOW YOU RETURN, AND BEAR WITH YOU A PRESENT FOR YOUR OLD AMI.

ER...

...CARCHARODON TRIPODON, WHOSE NUMBER ONE FOOD SOURCE WOULD PRESUMABLY CONSIST OF... HUMAN BEINGS...





AW,
THANKS,
MATE...!

GOOD
TRIP?

'COURSE
IT WAS. RIGHT
LITTLE VOYAGE
OF DISCOVERY,
WASN'T IT,
HUGHIE?



EH?

YOU WAS SAYIN'
YESTERDAY YOU DONE
A LOT O' THINKIN'. BUT
NOW YOU'RE READY
TO COME BACK.

GOT YER
PLACE AT
POTAMUS'
AGAIN?



AYE, I HAVE,
AYE. NO BOTHER,
HE HELD ONTO IT
FOR ME ANYWAY.

I WAS
MOSTLY
JUST, YOU
KNOW--

I DOUBT HE
HAD THAT MANY BODS
DESPERATE TO MOVE IN,
MATE. YOU'VE GOTTA
MOVE SOMEWHERE
DECENT, GET YERSELF
OUTTA THAT FUCKIN'
CRAWLSPACE.

HERE--



STICK
THIS UNDER YER
BEER OR THE
BIG LAD'LL HAVE
YER BOLLOCKS
FOR MARBLES.

RIGHT
THEN.



EVERYBODY
READY TO
GET BACK
TO WORK?



COME ON, FRENCHIE, YER PROGRAM'S OVER...

NON.

C'MON, BE A SPORT, EH?

SHAN'T.



OH, BIEN SUR.

HUGHIE AN' ME'LL HANDLE THE THING WITH JACK, I DON'T THINK IT NEEDS ANYONE ELSE FOR THE TIME BEIN'. HOW'S IT COMIN' AT YOUR END?

IT AIN'T.



THE HOMELANDER BEIN' FUCKIN' CRAZY--I CAN'T TELL YOU NOTHIN' YOU DON'T KNOW ALREADY. WE DIDN'T MISS SHIT ON THE TAPES, I WATCHED 'EM FROM THE BEGINNIN' TWICE. IF THERE *IS* SOME VOUGHT PSYCH PROFILE, IT'S BURIED DEEPER'N THE LEGEND'S PASSWORDS GONNA GET ME--AN' THEY TIGHTENIN' UP ON THAT SHIT ALL THE TIME.

BLACK NOIR'S A DEAD END TOO. IMPOSSIBLE TO PIN HIM TO THAT IDENT CODE I FOUND.



BLACK NOIR...?

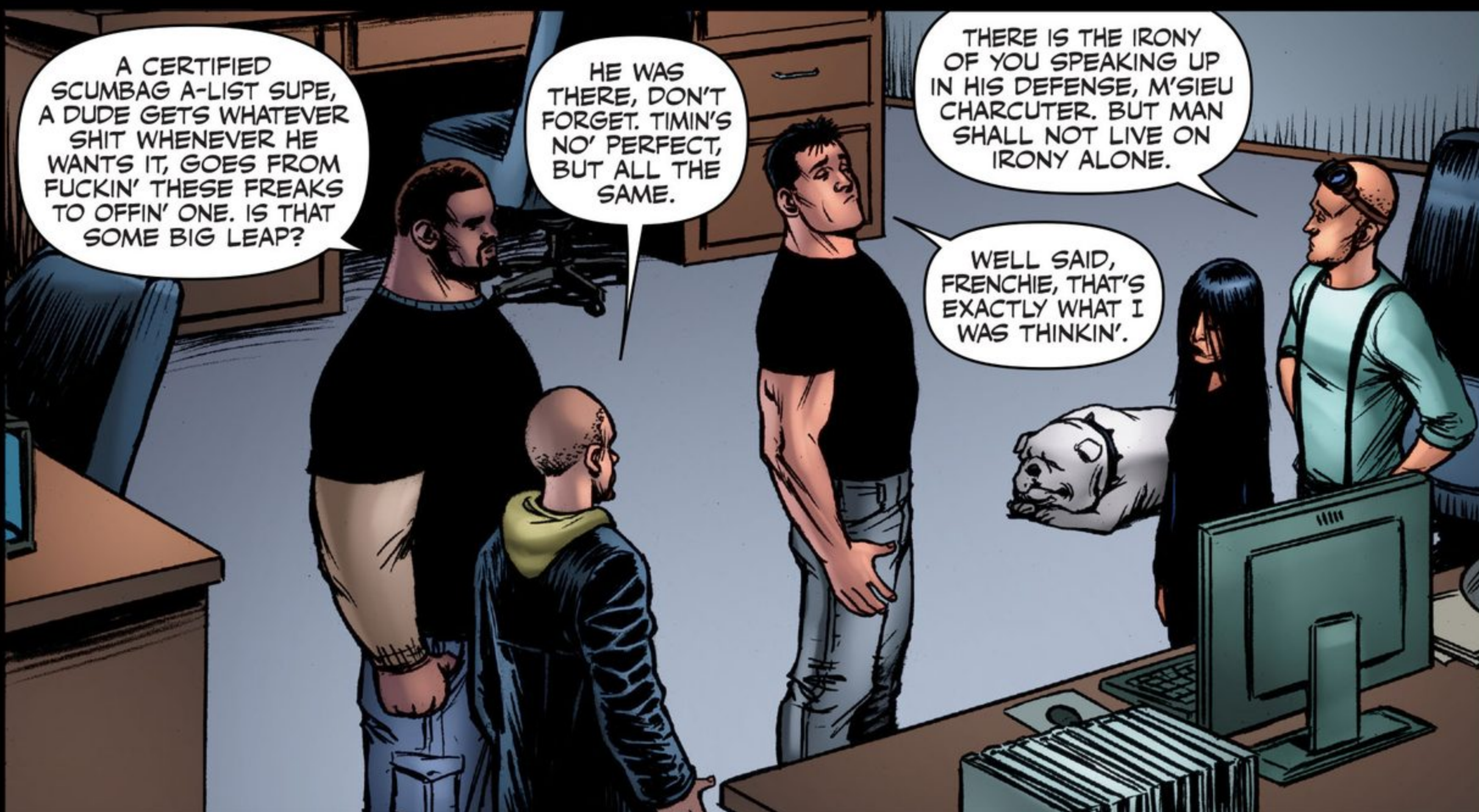
NOTHIN'.

FRENCHIE, THE BUGS'RE STILL OUT, SORRY. YOU'LL BE AT A BIT OF A LOOSE END 'TIL I CAN GET 'EM SORTED.

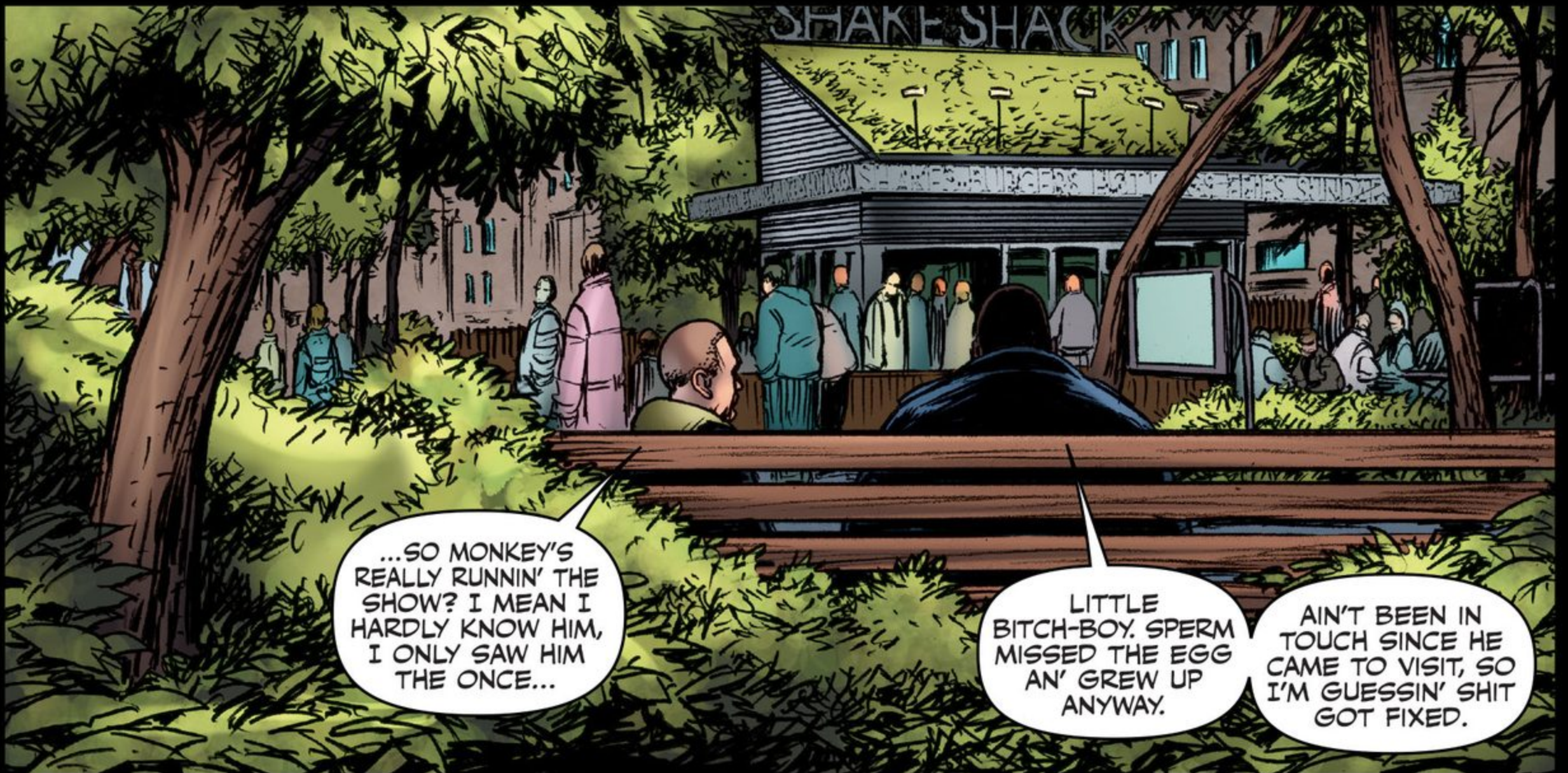
PERHAPS WE SHOULD JOIN IN ON JACQUES DE JUPITER AFTER ALL...



HUH.







...SO MONKEY'S REALLY RUNNIN' THE SHOW? I MEAN I HARDLY KNOW HIM, I ONLY SAW HIM THE ONCE...

LITTLE BITCH-BOY. SPERM MISSED THE EGG AN' GREW UP ANYWAY.

AIN'T BEEN IN TOUCH SINCE HE CAME TO VISIT, SO I'M GUESSIN' SHIT GOT FIXED.



YOU MEAN... TERMINALLY, LIKE...?

I MEAN FIXED LIKE BUTCHER GOT TO HIM, NO MORE. HE DON'T WET EVERY FOOL PISSES HIM OFF, OR WE'D BE NECK-DEEP IN BODIES.



OH. IT'S JUST...

WELL. I HEARD HOW JONAH VOGELBAUM REALLY DIED, YOU SEE. IT WAS BUTCHER DID IT, HE NEVER KILLED HIMSELF AT ALL.



YEAH?

AYE.

HOW 'BOUT THAT.

AN' A LOT OF OTHER STUFF AN' ALL.



HOW'S THE COLONEL DOIN' THESE DAYS?

HUNKY-FUCKIN'-DORY.

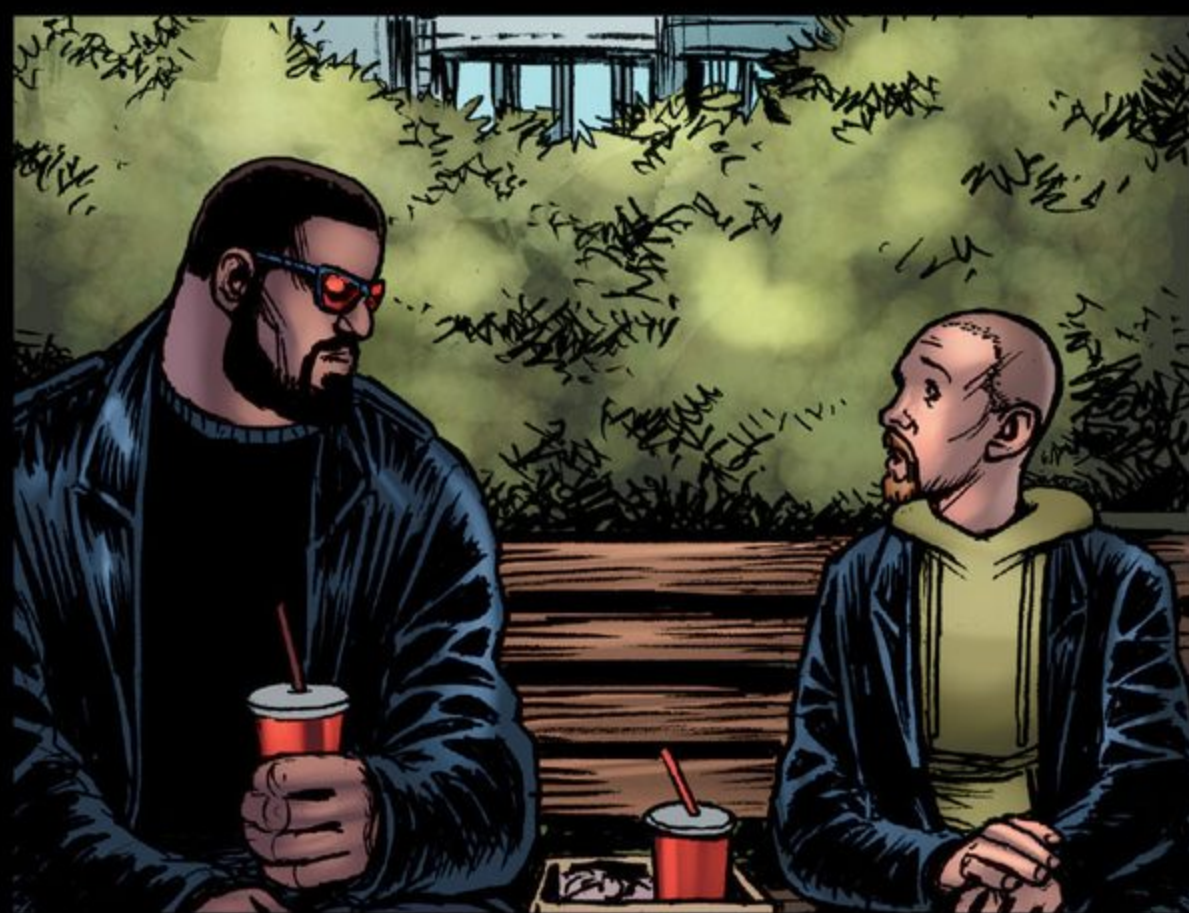
HE SAID YOU WANTED ME TO KNOW THE TRUTH, BUT YOU'RE NO' GONNA BOLLOCKS UP YOUR GO AT VOUGHT.



SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.

SO YOU'LL PUT UP W/ STUFF, WILL YOU?

LIKE...YOUR FLASK...?



LEMME SAY THIS AS PLAINLY AS I CAN, 'CAUSE THE WAY YOU TALKIN' RIGHT NOW, YOU KINDA DANCIN' AROUND SHIT: I AIN'T AFRAIDA BUTCHER.

UH

WE CLEAR ON THAT?

AYE



HUGHIE...

I FIGURED YOU OUGHTA HEAR THINGS FROM THE OLD MAN'S PERSPECTIVE. BUT WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN HIM AN' BUTCHER MAKES IT HARD, WHICH IS HOW COME I PLAYED IT THE WAY I DID.

ANYTHING ELSE IS MY BUSINESS. OKAY?



AYE.

SORRY.

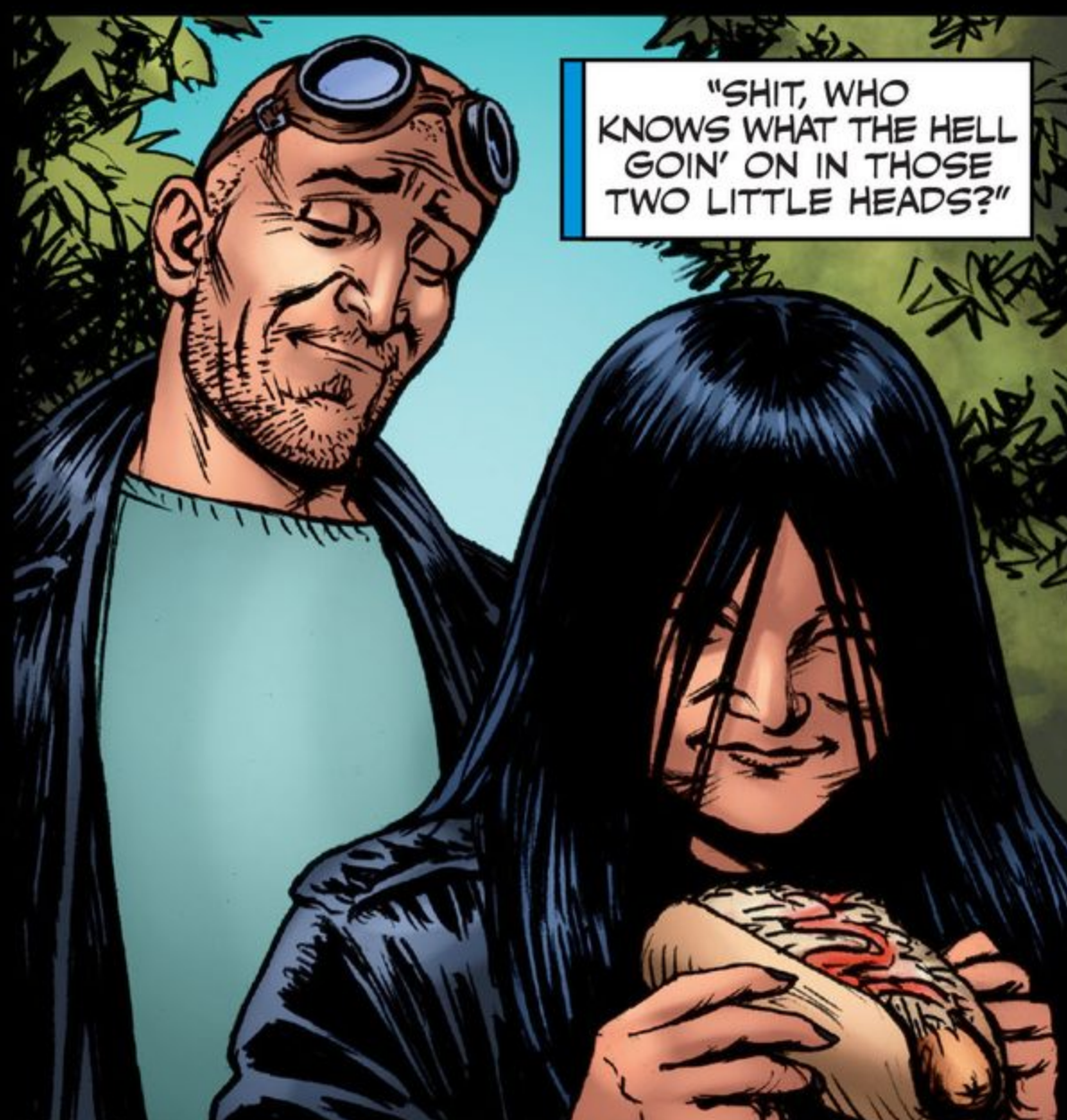
SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW, AN' HERE YOU ARE.

HOW COME YOU BACK AGAIN, AN' WHAT IS IT YOU WANNA DO?



HEH. I WAS TALKIN', I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT THAT LAST NIGHT.

I WAS THINKIN' HOW I SEEM TO KEEP ASKIN' QUESTIONS AN' THEN JUST BACKIN' OFF.





Transcript QM/L #1 1/19/98 (p.c.)

(cont) like old times, sweetheart. Daddy and his little girl sure did have themselves some fun back then, huh? (Pause) Not talking? Listen, honey plum, I think I know why you're so mad at the son of a bitch. Now, don't get those pretty pink panties in a twist, but is it anything to do with those pictures?

QM: What?

L: You know, of you and him. I mean it is him, right, he's got to be the one sent them around.

QM: Sent them around where?

L: Well, someone gave Daddy a set when he was at Victory. Some of the guys on the board at Vought had them. But don't you worry, Daddy burned them. Daddy always knows what to do. And if you're serious about getting back at that prick, I have some people you might like to

QM: Is it safe here? I mean, are we being discrete?

L: Well hell, sugar-pussy, you ought to know that better than anyone. How many problems have they taken care of here for you? And remember that mess when super-kraut thought he had an heir, and the Doc even made that go away?

QM: I'm just not sure.

L: You don't want to go to Daddy's place, with those moldy old comic books all piled up. Come on, this is perfect. Ain't no one talks about who they ran into visiting a Goddamn cathouse.

QM: But when I think about the people I've been here with, some of the things I
(cont)

